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## Whine and Cheese: da Individually Wrapped Slice Rants

While I'm no huge fan, I hope that you all read the Cannon just so you can appreciate how good the Toike really is. In fact, I remember reading a Cannon article and found a complaint, veiled in praise, against our fine publication. How Varsity-esque. Editor Gina Scio complained that articles in the Toike don't necessarily represent the views of the engineering society but are funded by that society in any case. Could it be that the opinions expressed in every Cannon article don't necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society? Perish the thought.

In the past I would sometimes see a boring, uninteresting article in the Cannon (believe me, there are more than a few), and would react by thinking, well okay, at least we have the Toike. If we have a funny paper then we can be justified in having a boring paper that people only pick up for exam schedules, right? But that would be like paying \$5000 for exam schedules that I can get off the net for free. But hey, I'm not going to beat around the bush anymore. I refuse to not say this directly. Here's what I have to say, and this is the bottom line.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE TOIKE, DON'T BLOODY READ IT. READ THE CANNON AND SEE HOW MUCH YOU LAUGH (ON PURPOSE, THAT IS). EVEN BETTER, WRITE FOR THE TOIKE AND LET THE ENGINEERS JUDGE HOW FUNNY YOU ARE.

I'm the Individually Wrapped Slice, and this has been my rant. Note that it doesn't necessarily reflect your opinions, or even mine. Necessarily.

T.O.R.T.W (Toike Oike Rules the World) Cheers? Jeers? Death threats? Send 'em here: [clivio@ecf.toronto.edu](mailto:clivio@ecf.toronto.edu)



The (Not So) Official  
We've Finally Cleaned Up Our  
Act ... (not really) Paper of the  
University of Toronto  
Engineering Society.

**Da Big Cheese**

Paul "Oike" Hempel

**Da Individually Wrapped Slice**  
Desmond "Hey Jack" Clivio

**contributors**

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(Buy from Finnegan kids!)  
taras "iron ring boy" kohut  
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**DIS-CLAIMER**

The Toike Oike is a humor paper designed to be funny. The opinions expressed within this paper do not necessarily represent those of the U of T Engineering Society.

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Check the web page for the latest Toike events. The next make-up/issue kick-off session was held yesterday (actually, just checked the web site for the latest). Send articles/letters by e-mail to:

[hempel@ecf.toronto.edu](mailto:hempel@ecf.toronto.edu)

(Or drop'em off in the Toike box in SF B670)

My e-mail:

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Hi, I edit this little paper called the Toike. Ever heard of it? Anyway, I got this little mail response problem. So why don't you take it upon yourself to send me some. You'll feel better (OK, so maybe you won't but will it kill ya?).

Note: All mail sent to me may be published unless you indicate otherwise.

Dear Big One (Nudge Nudge. Wink Wink). How was Ottawa? I heard on the radio that 10% of the trees were down, and that the army was called in. Are those army boys as cute as everyone says?? So long (if you know what I mean), Pip Pip.

Yes kids, my third year class went on our traditional Ottawa trip despite the weather. Ottawa was cool, literally. All our scheduled company tours were cancelled so we lounged in a downtown hotel and drank BEvERages. As for the army boys, well, listen, you sound desperate, do yourself a favor, enlist!

Dear Editurd,

Biggest turd contest?!!? Do fragments count? Personally, I always thought people measured by weight, not length, or volume. Also, how can you prevent cheating (i.e. using modelling clay)? O.B. Haive

Does it matter? If someone went to the trouble to respond to that contest they could have won "ass down".

Dear Grand Fromage,

Just wanted to tell you (before you get flooded with compliments) that I downloaded the latest Toike from the Toike site, and I thought it was the best one yet. I hope censorship isn't a problem.

Gracias,  
U.R. Cool

Flooded? Hahahahahahaha ... ehem, excuse my outburst. Oh yes, censorship. What can you say. (Scent Of A Woman ... anyone ... remember!!? You know "Women, what can you say?") PS. Are you related to I. M. Cool? (I. M. Cool, get it, huh-huh, huh-huh)

Howdy Cheesemeister, I'm not e-mailing you to chat and shoot the bull. Just wanted to tell you that I loved the last issue. Sorry for the briskness. Gotta go. They want the terminals.

Thanks, thanks, I do what I can. They? Sounds like a gang that's about to beat you up if you don't follow orders! (are you wearing any article of clothing that would distinguish you as a F!ROSH?)

Hey, How are things?  
Ciao for now,  
C. U.

What the hell kind of letter is that? Who the hell mails the editor to ask "How are things?" Have you ever seen that in the Toronto Star? Well, have you? Is that the best you can do? I think the Varsity could use someone of your obvious literate skill. Ciao forever!

Hi,

Some of my fellow frosh are having trouble distinguishing the ads from the articles and photos.

Some of my staff are having trouble distinguishing the rambling e-mails from meaningful letters.

G'day,  
Did'ya have some of that roast beast (is it a lamb? a small artsie?) they were roasting in front of San Phlegm recently. Oink, Moo, Neigh, Grr! Whatever.:) Cheers.

FREE FI FO FUM, artsie good! (as for your problem with the spontaneous emission of animal sounds, I hear Dr. Kevorkian has a sure fire cure)

Hi,

I would like to request the home mailing address for you and all your "joint chiefs of laughs". I have some material I'd like to send which you will all no doubt find, shall we say, "boombastic".

Sincerely,  
Theodore Kaczinski

Thanks Ted but I'm afraid that my home address is strictly confidential and that under the constitution of the Engineering Society I'm forbidden to give it out. However I can, and happily will, provide the addresses of my staff and of anyone else who I don't like (don't worry Erin, you're definitely not on the list!). BTW - keep up the good work!



## Tyson Joins WWF, sort of



**Tyson clearly suffering from ear withdrawal symptoms in a recent interview**

to mete out “a cruel and unusual punishment” against any wrestler who does not play by the book (*translation: since no wrestler ever plays by the book, look*

for Tyson to exercise his better judgement and eagerly jump at the chance to bite the ears off everyone who steps into the ring that night; maybe the "extravaganza" as it's billed should be called "Tyson EarBitesMania" - who knows, if we're lucky we may see Tyson snap completely and run out into the crowd looking to bite the ears of small defenseless people - hey, if that isn't worth the \$34.95 pay per view cost, I don't know what is -Ed). All this comes on the heels of a controversey which erupted when Tyson opened up an ear-biting booth at a carnival in Shithole, Alabama. Carnival goers were appalled at the high prices he charged (apparently over \$30 million a bite). Competing booths were only charging 5 cents. The T.I.T. attempted to reach Don King for comments but was told by his personal aide that King could not come to the phone because he was suffering from a slight hearing problem after the recent falling out between Tyson and himself.

As a result of a well planned T.I.T. (Toike Investigative Team) operation, the Toike has learned that Mike Tyson, the infamous boxer-turned-rapist-turned-ear-biter and so-called "baddest [smelling-Ed] man on the planet", has agreed to be the "special enforcer" in the championship match at Wrestlemania XIV. World Wrestling Federation owner Vince "Hey, I'll hire any boxer-turned-rapist-turned-ear-biter in a blatant attempt to increase our sagging ratings" McMahon confirmed that Tyson will be on hand to "enforce the rules" if any "funny business" should take place at Wrestlemania (what are the chances of that, eh?). Apparently Tyson has been given the green light to use his sound judgement in order to "punish" against any wrestler who does not *face no wrestler ever plays by the book, look*



**Zarcon in training. Could Zarcamania be the next "thing" in the WWF?**

## Zarcon A WWF'er Too!

Zarcon, the infamous devourer of nuts-turned-murderer-turned-pervt (*at least he's never bitten an ear - Ed*), and self-proclaimed "baddest [*tasting - Ed*] squirrel on the planet", has agreed to join the World Wrestling Federation in a blatant attempt to distract attention away from his grisly murder accusations and even more grisly sexual practices. "Trust me, if I start wrestling, everyone will forget all my past misdeeds. Hey, Clinton decides to shake up Hussein a bit by threatening attack, and all of a sudden it's 'Monica who?' If it works for him, it can certainly work for me! I'm surprised Fred Ramsay hasn't picked up on the idea," said Zarcon through the Toike's resident squirrel-to-English interpreter. When asked about the newest addition to his (say it three times fast) roster of wrestlers (bit of a tongue twister eh!), WWF owner Vince "Hey, I'll hire any devourer of nuts-turned-murderer-turned-pervt just to fill the void of Bret 'The Hitman' Hart's move to the WCW which because of my dumbass mistreatment of Hart may now finally take over the WWF in popularity" McMahon said, "We've got big plans for Zarcon. He already has a huuuuge fan following because of the maaaaaive popularity of the Toike Ooke. I'm banking that that will translate into ratings that will go through the roof when Zarcon gets a title shot at the Championship!"

Zarcorian's words are long overdue. The old-school Champ's reign and Zarcmania runs wild into the next millennium. I'm hoping that his entry will spark a revival of the WWF and bring it back to the level it attained in the early 80's, otherwise I'm [gulp] sunk." Zarcron has already stepped into character and has been taunting opponents with his catchphrase "Watch 'ya gonna do when Zarcmania runs wild on you!!!" He also had a message for all his "little Zarcmaniacs": "Say your prayers, eat your vitamins and above all, don't earbite (buttit is OK to devour nuts)." Apparently, Zarcron is thrilled with the arrival of Tyson and was quoted as saying "what a great federation, we've got drug abusers, perverts and now a rapist. If only we could get O.J." (upon hearing this comment, Vince McMahon's face lit up as he turned on his cell phone and walked out of earshot) When asked about the possibility of losing his ears to a Tyson bite, Zarcron warned that if "anyone" tried going for his ears he would make them regret it by putting them in so much pain that they would have trouble walking for "a long, long time".

# TOIKE OIKE CONTESTS

Hi, Chairman of the joint chiefs of laughs here (no, not Colin Powell) OK, the main contest this month is for you all to send me an e-mail with your name (and also please include your mailing address, you'll be sent, courtesy of a Toike reader, a surprise package which you will no doubt find, shall we say, "boombastic").



**MOOOOIKE!**  
(fack!)

I want to thank the editors of the Cannon for showing enough poise to allow an open dialogue of differing opinions. If you haven't kept track, some articles which displayed anti Toike sentiment recently appeared in the Cannon. In response to those articles I and some fellow students submitted opposing viewpoints which can be read in the March 2nd edition. I specifically point your attention to all the articles on pg.'s 2 & 3. For those of you who have not had a chance to pick up a copy of the March Cannon (or for that matter the previous two editions), I have made available a complete archive of all the articles involved (see [www.ccf.toronto.edu/~toike](http://www.ccf.toronto.edu/~toike)). I feel satisfied that the apparent confusion between the Stolen/Real Toike has been clarified. I would however like to respond to Gina Seto's editorial in the March edition. Gina feels that I wasn't really listening to Tina's message and that I basically concentrated on the errors in Tina's article. In fact I really do think that it's a shame anyone has to put up with harrassment of any kind, especially something as despicable as being propositioned to date a T.A. in return for marks. Adam Devita's Cannon article accurately expressed my own sentiments about Tina's opinions. I'm happy that Tina spoke out about what she perceives to be an atmosphere of sexism in Engineering. We can all learn about how other people perceive the way we behave, and maybe by knowing how other people feel we can try to not be insensitive, or at least try not to be rude. But Tina's attack on Skule traditions such as float building and parades

was as Adam pointed out, silly. In fact, to frame Tina's bitter sentiments in a ridiculous light, imagine yourself going on a short vacation to Poland and getting mugged while there. Would you hate all Poles afterwards. Indeed, if you should bump into me at UoTf would you hate me? I'm Polish. My point is simply that to go through life colouring everything bad on the basis of some bad experiences is nonsensical. That doesn't mean Tina's opinions are invalid. But as far as I'm concerned becoming bitter and then all of engineering is wrong. It's not constructive and it won't help the situation. And the unfortunate thing is that no one is going to fight Tina's battles for her (you and I aren't going to go out of our way to chase after a person, especially if we weren't involved and know very little about the situation). It's up to her to make sure that something is done. And I would certainly support action against people who act with gross impropriety. But let's not lose sight of the big picture. Not everyone is an asshole/bitch/abuser. That kind of conclusion is absurd. Let's recognize that there are idiots here (like anywhere else), but engineering on the whole, at least in my experience, is a good faculty with lots of decent people.

The Toke Oike Talking Can Contest, a.k.a. TOTCC. Just rip the tab from this can. If you hear it scream "MOOOOIKE" you win a pair of tickets to Comedywood (good for acts which are not booked as special events)! No joke, really, I will give you tickets (look, I got 'em free, now do you believe me!?).

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
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## BUBBA DENIES SEXUAL IMPROPRIETY, AGAIN

US President Bill "Bubba / Slick Willy" Clinton has denied that he had an affair with White House Intern Monica Lewinsky, and that he told her to cover it up. "I never told her to cover anything up, I said I wanted it off, all off" said Clinton in his response to the accusations. Lewinsky commented: "He said I had better keep my mouth shut, or I'd be going on a ski trip". This is not the first time Clinton has been accused of such behaviour. Bubba defended himself with these remarks: "I know it's flattering for so many women to claim to have slept with me, and I must admit I surely wouldn't MIND sleeping with them,

I mean look at my wife... (no offense, Hillary dear), but I didn't! Honest!" Surprising many, Clinton went on to say "I would like to go on the record now, before it leaks out, that I deny all allegations of having had affairs with some members of the Canadian Women's Olympic Hockey Team. That is just plain untrue. After all, most of them are lesbians, they told me so". Thereupon he quickly ended the press conference and ran off. T.I.T. (Toike Investigative Team) agents noted that he muttered the words "Spice Girls" under his breath as he left the scene. In other news, one of the Spice Girls suffered a near fatal accident in Aspen, Colorado.



Clinton ogling one of the "lesbians" on the Canadian Women's Olympic Hockey Team.

## At Last! A Llama Crossed with a Camel! Is this the "Mother of All Animals"!?

Dubai, United Arab Emirates (Toike Associated Press)—Rama the Ccama is the first ever successful cross-breed between a Llama and a Camel. Llama activists are furious, especially the (formerly) happy workers at the Institute of Llama Research. "How dare they tamper with one of the most perfect animals there is. How can you help a Llama by sticking a hump on its back? That changes the entire topography of the animal, and for those of us who've been 'working Llamas over' for the past 30 years it will definately get in the way and force us to make uncomfortable adjustments" remarked Mr. Z. Oophile, a long-standing Llama researcher. Many people have been wondering why a Ccama is even needed. "I just heard about it now. It would appear that some members of our research team crossed a Llama with a Camel - for absolutely no good reason other than a cheap attempt at fame! We're now checking to see if they can serve a purpose. Are they good pack animals? Do they have four asses? Do they taste like chicken? If not, what the hell good ARE they?" asked the UAE's Minister of Genetic Engineering and Master Race Building More Genetic Engineering. "Well, there goes our budget for next year. Damn idiots. That's the last time we're allowing exchange researchers from Whistler, British Columbia." The Mayor of Whistler, B.C., could not be reached for comment. Apparently he was busy in his back yard trying to mate a pig with a chicken. There are rumors that Rama is to be Saddam Hussein's new selection as the "mother of all animals". It has even been alleged that the new cross-breed has had an intimate affair with Bubba "It's a household name" Clinton, which would surprise no-one, especially members of the Canadian Women's Olypic Hockey Team. No word yet from Bubba. In any case, due to our zeal for bringing you useful information, the Toike has flown out the T.I.T. (Toike Investigative Team) to try to purchase the new animal in an attempt to find out if it really does taste like chicken.



Look! Another useless mammal!

## SOME WASHED UP GUY JUMPS ON COBAIN/HUTCHENCE/FARLEY BANDWAGON

Some washed up actor who's name ~~we never really bother finding out~~ is withheld by request, apparently the star of TV's *Hawaii Five-O*, is dead at age 76. He was frequently mistaken for the actor who played Kookie in *77 Sunset Strip*. In fact, at his funeral, a choir began singing "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb" when his wife broke into a rampage, screaming "He wasn't on *77 Sunset Strip*, you idiots! You didn't know him! None of you knew him!" Indeed, many didn't. In fact, the ever ~~drunk~~ vigilant T.I.T. (Toike Investigative Team) didn't, but turned up at the funeral because there was an open bar they care about people. After much ~~drinking~~ investigating, the T.I.T. has reason to believe that Kookie tried unsuccessfully to increase his fame posthumously when he realized he would never see another spotlight after years of living off royalties from re-runs of *Hawaii Five-O*. "When a celebrity this washed-up dies, it's never of natural causes. Let's face it, if you get refused by the Psychic Friends Network, it's time to go out with a bang so at least someone remembers you" noted a member of the T.I.T. After his distraught wife left the

funeral, attempts were made to bury him with a comb, but luckily an observant funeral goer reminded everyone that he was not Kookie and exclaimed "That's that Isaac Washington guy... you know, from the *Love Boat*?" Isaac's casket was subsequently floated out to sea and unceremoniously dumped as the frustrated funeral goers grumbled that the only reason they had come out was because they had thought it was Kookie's funeral.



We'll never forget you, Kookie, er, umm, ... who were you again?

## Dollar Sags Like The Hump On a Ccama

The Canadian Dollar is at record lows and P. M. Jean Cretin is hiding out at Senator Thompson's digs in Mexico until the whole thing blows over. "Bubba Clinton tol' me not to increeze de interest rates or I would be going on da ski trip" said Cretin. Due to the increased cost of travelling in the U.S., senior citizens are holding off all plans to visit Florida despite the bad weather there. All these events come in the wake of the Royal Bank /Bank of Montreal merger. "Not only is our money as worthless as a Ccama, we get even less choice as to who bilks our money in service charges! Zees ees an outrej!" chanted a group of protesters outside Parliament Hill. Needless to say, the protest was ignored and the dollar sagged even lower.

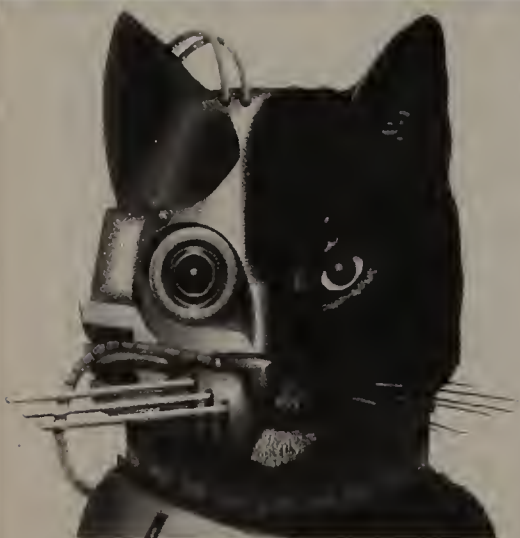


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We'll blame it on fatigue - you see, we've just come through our busiest month EVER, in the three years we've been a company. At a time of the year when most computer stores are longing for Christmas shoppers to come bursting through the doors... (This is probably starting to sound like we're complaining... we're not!)

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Interested? Send us a resume - fax or EMail.  
No calls, please.



(Not So) Ourdated News Dept.**Chariot Race Crap:**

The Winner, and still Champion - ECE Club!  
 Somewhere down the road - Mech Club!  
 Still further back - NT (Next year think lighter materials)  
 Behind those guys - Chem (is your driver ok?)  
 Didn't run - Civ/Geo (see you next year)  
 Not in the running but worth mentioning - Sac & Firosch (Tied, and a special commendation for running the first ever joint Artise/Engineering Chariot).  
 Second Last - MMS  
 Very Last - i.e. DISQUALIFIED - Indy (a deal's a deal)

**Scandal!**

Dus to a misinterpretation of the term "return" in section 17 of the rules of Ye Grande Olde Chariot Race, MMS was (or not) to be disqualified for their failure to return the Chem and Indy chariots. Since Chem did not complain and due to the willful damages/destruction of Blue & Gold Committee and CEGSA property by the Indy club (1 car, 2 coffins, and a barbeque), special consideration was taken by the judges and MMS is deemed to have finished before Indy.

Thank you to all the clubs who participated (especially ECE), and to the assistant judges Matt, Sean, and Nat for their invaluable help. Note that as stated in section 13 of the rules of Ye Grands Olde Chariot Race the judge is officially declared to be

infallible and all decisions are final.

Ryan Morris Elec 9T9  
 Blue & Gold Committee Chair



Editor's note: I lost the actual chariot race picture so I have instead substituted it with a picture of what the chariot race might have looked like if it had taken place in a public washroom.

**IT REALLY HAPPENED!**

(but we sure as hell have no clue were unable to ascertain when)

**Bus Driver Replaces Mental Patients**

Source: "Financial Mail" - South Africa

HARARE, Zimbabwe - After 20 mental patients disappeared from his bus, the driver replaced them with sane citizens and delivered them to a mental hospital. The unidentified bus driver was transporting 20 mental patients from the capital city of Harare to Bulawayo Mental Hospital when he decided to stop for a few drinks at an illegal roadside liquor store. Upon his return he was shocked to discover that all the mental patients had escaped. Desperate for a solution, the driver stopped at the next bus stop and offered free bus rides to several people. He then delivered them to the mental hospital and informed the staff they were easily excitable. It took the medical personnel three days to uncover the foul play. The real mental patients are still at large.

**Kampus Kops Stop Student for Smiling**

Source: First-Hand Account from Anonymous OT0

TORONTO - Around 8pm on a Saturday a few weeks ago (date was unspecified), an engineering student was waiting outside the Galbraith Building's front doors, for a ride home. The Kampus Kops (affectionately referred to as "mice"), saw this student waiting...but he was also smiling. It was time for the mice to move into action.

"Clancy, we have a report of a student outside GB. Not armed. Smiling, and probably happy, repeat, HAPPY."

"Ten-four. We're on it. Let's roll, Jim, this could be our big chance to earn our cheddar-wheel bonus! It's a SMILER! Gotta be nuts."

Jim pondered loading up the tasers, then reconsidered, remembering there's no budget for tasers, and settled for the nightsticks instead. The student was stopped, questioned and then his ID was checked. The check came back negative.

"Well, there goes the cheddar", Clancy thought as they returned the ID. It later became apparent that the reason for talking to the young engineer is that (1) he might not be a student, and therefore might be trespassing on University property; and (2) he was smiling...and therefore might be mentally ill. The Kampus Kops tried to hush the story, saying this as they went:

"I hope we don't see anything in the Toike Oike about this incident."

Sure, the Toike didn't HAVE to report this incident, but what sort of journalists would we be if we did that? The truth must be told! [is anyone at the Cannon taking notes -Ed]

Unfortunately, the mice were unavailable for comment before press time, but we think that a one-sided story is much funnier anyway. Engineers beware...don't trust anyone who smiles, they just might be mentally ill.

*It Really Happened* features stories that really happened, which just goes to show that truth is stranger than fiction, and you don't have to make up stories about the mice to make them look like fools, because they're doing a fantastic job of that on their own.



Don't smile...

THE MICE ARE WATCHING.

**Thompson Has Perfect Attendance in Mexican Bar**

Senator Andrew Thompson, the self-proclaimed "baddest [attending -Ed] senator on the planet", has been shirking his senatorial duties which involve meeting 100 times a year with a group of other senior citizens to discuss little more than if anyone's seen any good movies lately, and on the rare occasion, who's up for some lawn bowling. Zees outrej has prompted one of the harshest punishments we've seen so far from the Liberal cabinet: THEY SENT HIM A LETTER! The letter's general content was, "Please show up for work, Mr. Thompson. If you don't, we will have no choice but to continue paying you for your stay in Mexico, and possibly send you another letter." The message was sent - by hand, no expense was spared here - to the Mexican bar where he has appeared every day

since moving south. In an interview with the delivery person, it was discovered that Thompson tried to deny his identity upon receiving the letter. "I went to him and said, 'Senator Thompson?' and he went to the patron next to him, out of the corner of his mouth, 'I think he's talking to you.' Well, I just couldn't do much about that, so I dropped the letter and walked out." Senator Thompson had this to say: "Who cares? I'm old. Leave me the hell alone and let me spend the taxpayers' money in peace. Barkeep! *Una cerveza por favor.*" The Reform Party has suggested more unorthodox tactics to retrieve the Senator, involving nets, tasers, rusty pipes, and the promise that he won't have to actually DO anything, just show up. (Sorry, that last one was a Liberal suggestion.)



Senator Thompson Trying to Hide in his Hacienda

**UNFINISHED POEMS EXPRESSING THE FEELINGS OF ENGINEERS**

Ode to Procrastination...ah, I'll finish this later.

Ode to Lecture Apathy...ah, who cares?!

Ode to Low Self-Esteem...oh, but you wouldn't want to read about THAT...would you?

Ode to Engineering Science-related Stress-Induced Sociopathy ... HEY! ... all you voices up there, SHUT UP I'M TRYING TO WRITE A CANNON ARTICLE AGAINST THE TOIKE AND ALL THINGS GOOD! I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

Ode to Deadline Anxiety...why am I wasting my time with a poem when that problem set (or program, design project, Toike bashing Cannon article, etc.) is due in only 32 1/2 hours?

Ode to Artise Hatred...no wait, poems ARE artsy, and this isn't the Varshitty.

Ode to Lack of a Social Life...ooh, no time for that now, they're running an old Star Trek marathon!

Ode to the glory that is Mass Mailing...hey, that reminds me of a great one-liner I'm sure everyone in engineering would love to read!

spark17.ecf%0de\_to\_c  
 segmentation fault (core dumped)



Dearest Editor,

I've been contemplating writing to you for the past few weeks, but until now, I've never had the courage to do this. I should let you know I'm wildly amazingly desperately attracted to you... it seems strange, I know, since I don't really know what you look like and I've never met you in person, but everytime I read something you write, my loins catch fire and I get this deep desire to get it on with you. No, I'm not planning on stalking you... but I just thought you may want to know that someone out there thinks you rock! You're my bitch baby... even if it is only in my mind.

—sig hhhh—

Please don't release the kampus kops on me, I'm totally harmless, just foolishly in lust with you. Until your next issue, I will remain your obedient, busy secret admirer...

xoxo "Lola"

Hubba, Hubba,  
 Keep them letters (I'm) coming!



# Toike Oikes!

An old married couple lived happily together for nearly forty years. The only friction in their marriage was caused by the husband's habit of breaking wind every morning as he awoke. The noise would always wake up his wife and the smell would cause her eyes to water as she would choke and gasp for air. Every morning she would plead with him to stop behaving thusly. He told her that he couldn't help it. She begged him to see a doctor to see if anything could be done, but the husband wouldn't hear of it. He told her that it was just a natural bodily function. She told him that there was nothing natural about it and if he didn't stop, he was one day going to "fart his guts out". The years went by, and the wife continued to suffer, and the husband continued to ignore her warnings until one Christmas morning, before dawn, the wife went downstairs to prepare the family feast. She fixed Christmas pudding, mashed potatoes, gravy and of course a turkey. While she was taking out the turkey's innards, a thought occurred to the wife as to how to get revenge on her husband. With a devilish grin on her face, she placed the turkey guts into a bowl and quietly walked upstairs hours before her flatulent husband would awaken. While he was still asleep, she pulled back the covers and then gently pulled back her husband's jockey shorts. She then placed all of the turkey guts into her husband's underwear and tiptoed back downstairs to finish the meal preparation. Several hours later, she heard her husband awake with his normal loudness. Soon after, she heard a blood curdling scream and the sound of footsteps as her husband ran to the upstairs bathroom. The wife could not control herself and she rolled on the floor laughing. After years of putting up with him, she finally got even. About twenty minutes later, her husband came downstairs in his blood-stained underpants with a look of horror in his eyes. She bit her lip to keep from laughing and she asked him what was the matter. He said, "Honey, you were right - all those years you warned me and I didn't listen. You always told me that I would end up farting my guts out one of these days and today it finally happened. But by the grace of God and these two fingers, I got 'em all back in."

A farmer walked into an attorney's office wanting to file for a divorce. The attorney asked, "May I help you?" The farmer said, "Aiyuh, I want to get one of those dayvorses."

Attorney: What are your grounds?  
Farmer: About 140 acres.

Attorney: You don't understand. Do you have a case?

Farmer: No, I don't have a Case, but I got a John Deere.

Attorney: No, you don't understand. I mean do you have a grudge?

Farmer: Yeah, I got a grudge. That's where I park my John Deere.

Attorney: I mean, do you have a suit?

Farmer: You betcha. I wear it to church on Sundies.

Attorney: Well sir, does your wife beat you up or something?

Farmer: No, we get up together, at about four-thirty.

Attorney: Sigh. Is she a nagger, ... or anything? Help me out here!

The farmer replied, "No, she's a little white gal. But, our last child was a nagger, and that's why I want the darn dayvorse!"

An American, a Canadian, and an Australian were sitting in a seedy bar enjoying a few beers. The American grabbed his beer, knocked it back in one gulp, then threw the glass into the air and shot it with his handgun. As he set the handgun on the bar, he told the Canadian and the Australian that in the [not so - Ed] great U.S. of A., they had so much money they never drank out of the same glass twice. Next, the Australian drank his beer, threw the glass into the air and shot the glass with the American's gun. As he was setting the gun back on the bar, he proclaimed that in Australia they had so much sand that glass was cheap and he too never drank out of the same glass twice. Next, the Canadian drank his beer, grabbed the gun off the bar, and shot the American. As he was setting the gun back on the bar, he told the Australian that in Canada we have so many Americans you never have to drink with the same one twice.

A guy wakes up to find a gorilla in his tree. He checks the phone book and calls a gorilla removal service. He asks if they can remove it. The service guy asks, "Male or female?" "Male," he replies. "I'll be right there," he states. An hour later, the service guy shows up with a stick, a Chihuahua, a shotgun, and handcuffs. He then tells the man, "I'm going to climb the tree and poke the gorilla with the stick until he falls. When he does, this Chihuahua will bite the gorilla's testicles off. The gorilla will cross his hands to protect himself, allowing you to put the handcuffs on him." The man asks, "What do I do with the shotgun?" The service guy replies, "If I fall out of the tree before the gorilla, shoot the Chihuahua."

A defending attorney was cross-examining a coroner. The attorney asked, "Before you signed the death certificate, had you taken the man's pulse?" The coroner said, "No." The attorney then asked, "Did you listen for a heart beat?" "No." "Did you check for breathing?" "No." "So when you signed the death certificate, you had not taken any steps to make sure the man was dead, had you?" The coroner, now tired of the brow beating said, "Well, let me put it this way. The man's brain was sitting in a jar on my desk, but for all I know, he could be out there practicing law somewhere."

When Albert Einstein was making the rounds of the speaker's circuit, he usually found himself eagerly longing to get back to his laboratory work. One night as they were driving to yet another rubber-chicken dinner, Einstein mentioned to his chauffeur (a man who somewhat resembled Einstein in looks & manner) that he was tired of speechmaking. "I have an idea, boss," his chauffeur said. "I've heard you give this speech so many times. I'll bet I could give it for you." Einstein laughed loudly and said, "Why not? Let's do it!" When they arrived at the dinner, Einstein donned the chauffeur's cap and jacket and sat in the back of the room. The chauffeur gave a beautiful rendition of Einstein's speech and even answered a few questions expertly. Then a supremely pompous professor asked an extremely esoteric question about anti-matter formation, digressing here and there to let everyone in the audience know that he was nobody's fool. Without missing a beat, the chauffeur fixed the professor with a steely stare and said, "Sir, the answer to that question is so simple that I will let my chauffeur, who is sitting in the back, answer it for me."



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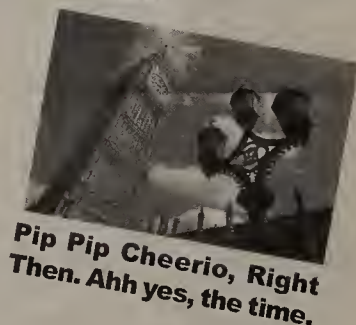
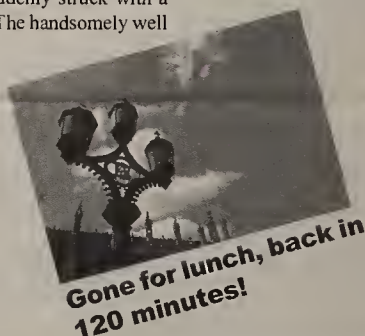
LONDON (Toike Associated Press) - The fifth in a series of landmark thefts, Big Ben was heisted, but only temporarily! English 'Bobby' Robert Bobbington was called upon to investigate the mysterious occurrence. "Pip Pip Cheerio and all that rot!" he exclaimed to the T.I.T. (Toike Investigative Team) before leaving the scene of the crime to 'freshen up' at the Dead Bobby, a local pub. Within hours, he was dead. Australian constable Bruce McBruce was seen leaving through the back door and overheard to mutter, under his breath, "I just don't get it, I was drinkin me rounds and then he was gone". Robert's twin brother, Robert, another 'Bobby', was called in to 'clean up the mess'. Sometime later, a truck labeled Soylen Green arrived to whisk the body away. Apparently, due to a mix-up, the truck 'operators' mistook Robert who was dead drunk (but not yet quite dead) for the cadaver of his brother Robert and took him away by accident. Robert has not been heard from since. In the ensuing aftermath, all London 'Bobbies' were told to stay away from the Dead Bobby, but instead, due to their

## Big Ben: Pip Pip Cheerio, Right then. Once was lost but now is found

pesky "Winston Churchill"-esque stubbornness, they decided to throw a party there in tribute to the memory of Lady Diana, who died, as did they, within hours. British P.M. (Pretty Man) Tony Blair was subsequently called in to 'clean up the mess'. More Soylen Green Trucks arrived to 'process' the dearly departed while Blair got about the business of dealing with 'this tragedy' (namely Big Ben's disappearance in case this long rambling story made you forget what the hell it was about to begin with). In an amazing whirlwind of activity (*which saw half of the Toronto cRaptors traded away*), Blair actually made progress where all predecessors had failed. Scotland Yard reports that, after visiting the grave of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Blair (who is said to have stood by the headstone while repeatedly muttering "who would be insane enough, Pip Pip Cheerio, and above all who would have enough BRUTE FORCE. Pip Pip Cheerio, to pull it off") was suddenly struck with a realization. The handsomely well

connected Blair recalled a swank shindig which he attended while visiting Canada just after being elected P.M. (Pretty Man) of the British Isles. The 'soiree' was apparently hosted by members of an elite group calling themselves the 'Beautifully Flashy Changers' who finally, after first refusing him entry, let Blair into the party because of his incessant whining at the door (*I told those idiots that allowing riff-raff would lead to trouble -Ed*). In any case, Blair told members of Scotland Yard that he believed the hosts of that party were somehow connected. However, before revealing the identity of the perpetrators, Blair quickly got on the phone to his underworld contacts in order to negotiate a deal (*which saw Toronto unload Kenny "the Whiner" Anderson while scooping up Chauncey Billups from Boston*). Within hours, Big Ben reappeared just as mysteriously as it had disappeared. Unfortunately, before Scotland Yard, INTERPOL and the

world community could learn the identity of the malpheasents, Blair attended a party at the Dead P.M. (Pretty Man), a local Pub, and, within hours, was dead. The party, in celebration of his triumph, was hastily arranged by a group calling themselves the 'Brash Fraternity of Colleagues'. Scotland Yard arrived at the scene to find that the hosts had gone. With nothing to do but 'clean up the mess', Scotland Yard surmised that "a higher price than we will ever know" must have been paid for the recovery of Big Ben. The T.I.T. had no comment. In other (unrelated) news, the Engineering Stores is reportedly selling boxes labeled Soylen Green. The labels on each box also inform prospective consumers to 'ignore' curious 'bits and pieces' which might, 'by paranoid members of society', be construed as 'body parts' although they are 'most assuredly' not as the manufacturers state 'cross our hearts and hope to die' to reassure the consumer.



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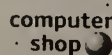
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